THE GAZETTE has the lead in circulation and in popularity LEADS

THE BERKELEY GAZETTE

People of Berkeley are in a mist when they don't get The Gazette

TOWN OFFICIAL PAPER.

VOLUME II. BERKELEY, CAL., THURSDAY MAY 23, 1895. NUMBER 28

FIRE BUGS

Attempt to Burn up the Paint Shop

Of James Short on San Pablo Avenue.

The Smoke Awakens the Inmates.

Who Soon Alarm the Neighbors Brun's Fire Department Quickly Subdues the Flames.

Incendiarism.

A dastardly attempt was made last night at incendiarism in West Berkeley last night. It was probably a little after midnight when some fiend, well acquainted with the premises, made a sneak through the gateway adjoining Jim Short's paint shop, situated on the west side of San Pablo avenue, and with cat-like steps reached a spot about 10 feet west of the front line of the building and tucked some rags well saturated with coal oil under the mud sill of the building, a place having been made for them by throwing out a little dirt. When the rags were well in place the fellow took a piece of candle, about an inch long, and rested it upon the rags and then lighted it. Alongside of the piece of candle was placed about one-half of an ordinary bunch of matches. The intention probably was that the heat in a few minutes would set the matches on fire and this blaze would communicate with the saturated rags. In case that did not do its work probably the time would not be long ere the candle would be reduced low enough to communicate sufficient heat to the coal oil to set it ablaze. When the oil was once made to blaze up it would catch on to the woodwork, which was light and dry, and then the whole place and buildings adjoining would be consumed.

The best laid plans often go wrong, and so did this one. The villain, in addition to the work so well laid out and executed, knew that on the floor directly above and within two feet from where the match was applied, that it was customary with the proprietor of the paint shop to keep oil, turpentine and alcohol in small quantities. This fact must have been known to the incarnate devil.

Whoever it was that did the act got out of the way as soon as possible for fear of detection.

As there was but little motion of the air and the rags were closely picked the fire did not work fast Instead of burning upwards it shot under the house and their being no ventilation a smoke was created which passed through a small hole in the rear portion of the building, which was occupied as a sleeping room by two young men named Freitas and Cunningham.

The smoke penetrating into this sleeping chamber woke Freitas up and he awakened his companion. The alarm was given to Short who slept in in a room directly in the rear of the paint shop.

Frietas ran upon the street and encountered Officer Nielson. He inquired which was the quickest way to get to the Engine House and Neilson then asked him what was the matter. He replied that the paint shop was on fire. Neilson then ran around to Bruns store and awoke the young men there after considerable pounding on the door. Mr. Bruns always has hose on a reel ready for the protection of his own property. This was immediately taken out and carried to the corner of Sad Pablo and University avenues and attached to the hydrant.

In the meantime notice had been given to the employees of the Hoffburg Brewery directly opposite the paint shop and the engineer started up his banked fires for the purpose of getting up steam ann operating his fire pump.

It was found that neither piece of hose was long enough and that of Bruns and the brewery were joined together. By this time a steam pressure of 75 pounds had been raised and it was directed upon the fire. The immense force of the water, although the stream was not a large one, soon put the fire out.

Everybody in the neighborhood turned out. Dr. Gladding, an experienced, cool-headed fireman, took immediate charge and managed matters splendidly. Under his direction all lent helping hands. His handling of an axe when cutting away the weather boarding showed conclusively that he had done work of that kind before.

It certainly was a narrow escape of the buildings in that vicinity. A few minutes more time, a little more breeze or the want of a small quantity of hose would have proved a very serious matter for West Berkeley.

There was an insurance of $500 on the propterty which some of Mr. E. C. Barclay's companies is said to have carried.

This fire conclusively shows the necessity of having an electrical fire alarm system in Berkeley so that the engine houses can be immediately reached. Last night not a member of the whole fire department was aware that its deadly enemy was so near.

A Delayed Message.

A suit commenced yesterday involves a nice question as to the liability of a telegraph company in damages for failure to deliver a telegram when the mistake of the company is responsible for the delay. The plaintiff in the case is C. W. McLaughlin of Berkeley, and the defendent the Western Union Telegraph Company. The complaint alleges that on January 5th last McLaughlin's father delivered to the Western Union agent at Ellsworth, Kas., a message to the plaintiff in care of W. Dietz, Berkeley. The message read: "Go to Commercial Bank, Berkeley for $50. Edith sick. Come."

When the message was delivered to the defendant's agent in Kansas, the agent was informed that the Edith referred to was the 8-year old daughter of McLaughlin, to whom the message was directed.

As now alleged the telegram was received at Berkeley at 12:55 p. m. of the day it was sent, but not delivered until 6:10 p. m. The delay was occassioned by the fact that in transmission the name Dietz had been made to appear Dieth. In consequence of the delay McLaughlin missed the afternoon train East and was compelled to wait until next day. His daughter died before he could reach her bedside. McLaughlin says that had he received the message promptly he would have arrived in time to give his consent to an operation which might have saved the child's life. The Physicians were unable to perform the operation because no one in Kansas had authority to consent to it.

McLaughlin demands judgment against the, telegraph company for $5,250 damages.

No more killed has been added to the list heretofore published of those who perished in the Pinole disaster. The funeral of the two men whose remains have been identified have been arranged for. The loss on buildings and materials is estimated at $15,000.

West Berkeley Progressive Club.

On Tuesday evening last the above named club met at its rooms in Paine & Dickieson's real estate office. During the election times but very little was done at the various meetings as there seemed to be a desire among the members to wait and see who the new Board was to consist of and then the work done with them would not be as it would with the old Board on account of its going out of office. Now that the new Board has got settled into business the members of the club will be more active and take greater interest in its proceedings, being well aware that what work is accomplished will amount to something.

At the last meeting there was a fair attendance and a good degree of enthusiasm manifested.

When the regular business of the evening had been performed with the addition of appointing several special committees, an informal discussion was had in regard to the club's future work. The question of how the best way would be to make an increase in the members of the club. President Durrell suggested that each of the present members constitute himself a committee of one to get his friends to join. In this manner the number would multiply fast and the whole west end of the town would soon become interested.

There is no better time than the present for all those people interested in West Berkeley to join this Club and and make it a power. By it and through it this section of the town will be able to demand and get from the Trustees its full allowance of all that is given out. It is only by a strong union that anything can be accomplished. Come forward at once and sign the roll.

Important business will come before the Club at its next meeting on Tuesday evening. A full attendance of the members is desired and visiting friends are welcome. Mr. W. R. Dickieson, the Secretary of the Club, can be found daily at his office and will give all information desired.

New Graduates.

The Board of Education has ordered that diplomas be awarded to forty pupils of the High School, who have satisfactorily completed the course of study

Those who will be graduated on June 14 from the classical course are:

Kittie Roy Wickson, Eugerna Loy, Margaret Matthew, Adda Graber, George Payzant, Charles Jones, Alice Freese and Pearl Marshall.

Those from the literary course are:

Alice Rising, Ada Parker, Mary S. Hall, Margaret Webb, Annie Mason, Ruth R. Armstrong, Josephine Kemp, Walter Kemp, Percy Booth, May Morrison, Annie M. Bramel, Emilia T. Riggs, Emma A. Van Benchoten and William G. May.

Those from the classical course are:

Bessie Mae Wood, William Sauer, Roy Victor Nye, Charles Comstock Sarah Hanscom, Bernice Owlsey, Atsu Na E'Saward, Mary Josephine Colby, Mary Emburg, Frances Rosenstirn, Alfred J. Smith, James J. Bline, J. R. Brown, Ralph B. Lloyd, Ralph Dresser, William C. Pidge, Ethel Bergen, Etta L. Good, Grace C. Henderson, Edith Crawford, Edna Lowell, R. C. Bowen, Angie M. Brown, Emelia Strieb and Herbert Hume.

Of these graduates, twenty will enter the University in the fall fully recommended, and twenty-two partially reccommended.

From the large number of applications already made for entrance to the junior class the principal feels that at least two additional rooms will be needed for their accommodation, and several new teachers will be employed.

FRIGHTFUL

Encounter of Mr. Sauer With a

Vicious Dog Yesterday Afternoon.

Only the Greatest Presence of Mind

Saved his Life. The Neighbors Horrified While the Encounter Lasted.

The Man or the Dog.

A most thrilling occurrence took place last evening about 7 o'clock on the premises owned by Mr. C. Sauer, near the southeast corner of Seventh street and Bancroft way.

It appears that some two weeks ago as Mrs. Sauer was at Posen station a half-starved, partial Newfoundland dog took a notion to her and the children and followed them to their house. Taking pity on the brute Mrs. Sauer gave it something to eat. From that day on the dog could not be driven away from the house. As the dog could not be restrained well, he was tied up in the yard. Occasionally he would get loose and chase a very young colt belonging to Mr. Sauer about the yard and into the stable. This made these people afraid that in its fright and running the colt might break its legs.

At the time mentioned Mr. Sauer went out in the yard to put the colt in the stable, when the dog broke loose and ran for the colt. He would not answer to the calls of Mr. Sauer to come back, away from the colt, and Mr. Sauer then went after him. As he approached the dog the animal turned and jumped for the man's throat. By stepping to one side Mr. Sauer avoided the jump of the animal, which standing on its hind legs was fully as tall as the man. The dog made a second jump for the man's throat and Mr. Sauer, seeing the ferocity of the animal displayed in his eyes. seized him by the throat. The force of the jump and the weight of the dog was too much for Mr. Sauer to stand and both of them fell to the ground. Now he fully realized that it was a case of life and death with him. If the dog got the upper. hand he would have torn him in pieces.

Exerting all his strength he managed to get on top still clinging to the dog's throat. Then he managed to get both hands on the animal's throat. His idea was to choke the dog into insensibility. The dog was not built that way. He kept his hind legs goin with activity and with immense strengt lifted Mr. Sauer from the ground. He called out to his wife who ran to his assistance and the two manafied to hold the animal until Mr. Dean, a neighbor who heard the cries, came to their rescue. An axe was found and the dog was given two or three blows on the head which were naturally light on account of the animal being close to the ground and Mr. Sauer's close proximity to the brute. However, the clasp about the throat was loosened and the dog got up and slunk away.

Mr. Sauer received two pretty severe scratches when the dog jumped upon him the second time. One near the left temple, about an inch long and maybe an eighth of an inch deep. The other was a long irregular but heavy scratch on the wrist.

Mr. Sauer said he thought surely it was a death struggle between the two at the time he seized the dog and both of them went to the ground. He says no one could imagine his feelings for two or three minutes during the first part of the encounter.

This morning the dog came about the premises and, feeling that it was not safe to have such a vicious animal about, Mr. Sauer took a shot gun and killed him.

Wants $10,000 Damages.

Miss Carrie Lockyer who resides on Blake street near shattuck avenue commenced suit in the Superior court yesterday against Major J. F. Hayes for a breach of promise.

The young couple have been engaged to be married since October 7, 1893, and on account of the illness of Mr. Hayes' father, the wedding has been delayed several times. Finally the date was set for April 15th last, and Miss Lockyer had her wedding gowns manufactured and everything prepared for the wedding.

Two days before the wedding was to occur Mr. Hayes notified his expectant bride that it would be impossible for him to fulfil his part of the contract on account of the illness of his father, and she was thus humiliated before her friends and acquaintances.

Mr. Hayes upon being interviewed says that he has not receded from his promise, that he loves the young lady dearly and is willing to marry her at any time. He only asked for a postponement on April 15th because his father was very ill at that time. He said that he could not imagine what prompted his fiance to commence the action against him. Her parents favored the match, so he does not think that the inspiration came from that source. He said that he was only a clerk working for a small salary and that if a judgmens were given against him he does not know where she could get the money as he is broke. However he is willing to marry her suit or no suit, at any time she may designate.

Four Prisoner's Escape.

Three prisoners in the county jail made their escape on Tuesday night by the aid of one of the trustees, who also got out of the way. Thomas Duffy was in for bigamy, Jack Dempsey for burglary, T. Dunton burglary and Thomas Harris alias Hickey, sodomy, are the names of the escapes. The last named was the trusty, who done the real work of letting the prisoners out.

Rope ladders made by tearing up blankets into strips and then braiding them together were used to get over the wall. Harris is 52 years old, 5 ft. 9 1-2 inches high and weighs 190 lbs; Duffy is 5ft. 9 1-2 inches high and weighs 170 lbs; Dempsey is 27 years old. 5 ft. 7 inches high and weighs 161 pounds.

So far none of them have been retaken.

She was Poisoned.

The chemists who have been making an analysis of the contents of the stomach of Mrs. Jennie Mathews, the unfortunate woman who died under mysterious circumstances last Saturday night have progressed far enough in their examination to determine the fact that she died from strychnine poisoning. The quantity of the deadly drug taken by her has not yet been discovered, but will be before the chemists make their final report.

It was thought in police circles that Mrs. Mathews had died under the remedies applied by the attending physician, but this theory is demonstrated to be false by the result of the chemical examination. The strange story told by Mrs. Mathews on her deathbed and corroborated by her child will now be thoroughly investigated.

A college student, who wants to earn his board and lodging in return for working about a garden and taking care of a horse, can have a good home by applying to "B." GAZETTE office. *

FOR SALE—Saddle horse for lady's use, with saddle and bridle for sale. Inquire at the pound. tf.

GAZETTELETS.

Sam Fisher went to the city on business this morning.

The Marquis of Queensbury gave his son a black eye yesterday.

The funerals of the victims of the explosion on Tuesday took place today.

Stork's butcher shop, on the corner of Fifth street and University avenue, is being repainted.

The steamer Mare Island brought over a large lot of flooring and laths last evening for H. W. Taylor.

"Lucky" Baldwin's filly, Lady Diamond, beat Lamplighter in a race yesterday at Louisville, Kentucky.

Tobacco grown near San Felipe in Southern California is pronounced by experts to be equal to any grown outside of Cuba.

Congressman S. G. Hilborn is taking a short pleasure trip into Lake County. He will return the early part of next week.

The American Brewery put on a fine new delivery wagon this morning which will be used for serving their patrons with bottled beer.

The attention of Judge Lord was taken up today in listening to the evidence in the case of Raymond vs. Berg. Judgment was given for the plaintiff.

There will be a meeting this evening at Woodman's Hall of the Berkeley Council for the suppression of the drinking saloon. A permanent organization will be effected.

On October 8th, 1895, the eleventh grand council of the Young Mens' Institute will convene in Vallejo. There is expected to be about 300 delegates in attendance.

The schooner Rio Rey which was discharging lumber at Taylor's wharf put to sea on Tuesday last, but was compelled to return yesterday with her centerboard carried away.

Professor C. B. Bradley of the University has departed on an extended tour of the State for the purpose of examining high schools. Professor and Mrs. E. E. Brown have gone East for the summer.

Reverend Provost, an Episcopal Missionary, who has been located 900 milles up the Yukon river in Alaska, will preach at the Episcopal Church at West Berkeley on Sunday next at 3:30 o,clock p. m.

Next Sunday Peter Kroman, Frank Thompson, Bert Price, Captain Putzker and Lieutenant Wilkins of the Crescent Bicycle Club will run a ten-mile relay race against time at the Oakland Trotting Park. Each man will ride two miles.

Two special trains passed through West Berkeley this afternoon bound for Sacramento. The cars were loaded with Christian Endeavors who will hold their annual convention at Sacramento. It is estimated that over one haif of those who went up by train to day were from Berkeley, Oakland and Alameda.

The Manufacturers and Producers Association is doing a large amount of splendid work. Its membership is 601 representing 84 branches of industry in 10 cities and towns. Interest is awakening among the people in favor of home products. The next meeting of the Board of Directors will be on June 4, 1895, at 8 p. m.

A young man who atteded the butchers' picnic yesterday lost his arm by falling from the train the wheels passing over his arm. He was taken to the receiving hospital and the arm amputated. The young man lays the blame on the railroad company. He says the cars were crowded and he had to stand on the platform which was crowded and when he went to step off he fell as the steps had been broken off of the car.

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THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1895

W. D. ENGLISH is being raked over the coals by the treasury officials because there is so much crookedness among his deputies. The confession of Foss, who took more than two tons of opium from the Spreckles dock, caused this rumpus. The treasury officials say that there is a great deal more of this kind of work going on and they have sent a report to Washington requesting that the force in San Francisco be changed in order that the government may not be swindled any further.

THE lease of the China Basin to the San Francisco and the San Joaquin Valley Railroad Company was settled yesterday at a meeting of the Harbor Commissioners, at which both Governor Budd and Mayor Sutro were present. It may be some time before the road will want to use China Basin but in time it will be needed. There is now no obstacle in the way of building the road and it is hoped that the work of grading that portion of the road that has been surveyed will be commenced at once so that some of the idle men of the country might be given employment.

THE tide of immigration has turned toward California and every day the Board of Trade rooms of San Francisco are visited by people from the East who are desirous of purchasing small farms. The cold weather cyclones and other dangers of the East has caused thousands of people to make up their minds to live hereafter in California, where the tornado and the cyclone are nnknown, and where a man can go in his shirt sleeves almost all the year round. The land owners of California do not advertise enough. They should have advertisements in every paper in the State in order that people who are searching for homes may know which section of the State to visit.

ALL San Joaquin valley is happy. But Bakersfield fires the first gun. Our friend Weeks, of the Californian, has just issued a thirty-two page illustrated "Special Railroad Edition." The title page is a work ot art, and under a modern passenger train at full speed groups the directors of the new valley road. A map of the route of the road shows Bakersfield's fortunate position. The publication is boomy throughout. It avoids tiresome illustrated biographical sketches. It presents instead a series of splendidly written articles, well illustrated, on the possibilities in Kern. We had not looked half through before we had the Kern fever. It is one of the most effective publications we ever saw, and if the citizens of Bakersfield do not appreciate it and give it wide circulation they don't know a good thing when they see it. We congratulate brother Weeks.

MORE SNAGS.

As time rolls on and the different acts passed by the late Democratic Congress come before the public, they show how incompetent they were to make laws. The startling announcement is now made by Colonel Noble Smithson, a Knoxville attorney, who has had much practice before the Supreme Court, that the decision on the income tax has also killed the internal-revenue laws. In a carefully prepared opinion Colonel Smithson says: "Justice Fuller in his opinion says the Constitution divides Federal taxation into two classes—first, direct taxes; second, imports and excises—and that the direct taxes must be apportioned among the several States in proportion to their representation in the House of Representatives. Apparently the logical result of this opinion is that all Federal taxes except duties on imports (that is to say taxes collected under the tariff laws) must be apportioned among the States according to their representation in the House of Representatives. The Act of August 27, 1894 (Wilson Bill) section 48, provides there shall be levied and collected on all distilled spirits, etc., a tax of $1.01 on each proof gallon. The statutes of the United States levy a tax of 6 cents per pound on tobacco, etc. It seems clear according to this opinion of Justice Fuller that these are direct taxes on personal property, and not being appoitioned among the several States according to representation, they are unconstitutional and void,

If this view be correct the Supreme Court has not only wiped out the income tax but has practically repealed the internal revenue, as it affects tobacco, whiskey, brandy, etc. If this construction of the opinion be correct all direct taxes including those on real and personal property, must be levied according to representation, so that the rich people of New York and Massachusetts will pay no more tax per capita than the poorer people of the Western and Southern States. Of course this is not to be thought of. Its results would be that practically all the revenues to support the government must be raised by duties on imports, and instead of including the tariff, it will necessarily increase it very materially.

AMERICA'S LEAD OUTPUT.

WASHINGTON, May 22.—The statistics of the production and movement of lead in the United States for 1894 are contained in a bulletin prepared by Dr. D. T. Day of the Geological Survey, for insertion in his annual report on the mineral resources of the United States. The product of desilverized refined lead in 1894 was 181,404 net tons. Included in this total were 38,635 net tons of lead derived from foreign base bullion refined in bond.

The product of soft lead smelted in Missouri and Illinois and a small quantity from Virginia footed up to 37,586 net tons, a considerable increase over the preceding year. The total product of refined lead in the United States was therefore 219,090 tons.

Colorado smelted a larger quantity of it than any other State or Territory, her product being over 50,000 tons. Idaho came next with 33,000 tons, and Utah followed with 23,000; Montana produced nearly 10,000 tons, and Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona, Missouri, Wisconsin, Kansas and Tennessee followed with 2000 to 3000 tons each. California also produced a little.

The murderers of Frank G. Lenz of Pittsburg, Pa., in Turkey have been caught. Lenz was making a tour of the world on a bicycle.

Leave your orders for the Berkeley Steam Laundry at Kelsey's Drug Store.

A BOY'S COMPOSITION.

"I haint a very good writer, nor much of a speeler, but I am a great thinker.

I think if there wuz less $8 men berried in $50 coffins, some widders would have more money.

I think there would be more sheep and cheaper mutton chops if there wuz more 3-legged dogs in this country.

I think my Pap has more sense this year than he had last year.

Last year he swore and cust all the time. Pap would walk and cuss, and eat and cuss, and almost sleep and cuss, that is, he'd try to sleep and cause he couldn't, he'd cuss.

It was the roomatiz that made Pap cuss so.

He aked all over, and he pained mor'n he aked. His pains just seemed to ake all the time, and his akes pained him just as bad.

He was cross to Mam and Sister Liz and mor'n onct he throde the him book at me cause I spilt his medicine every time I giv him sum.

Pap u'd cuss the doctor cause he charged him $2 for a perscripshun and he'd cuss the druggist cause it wuzzant the right kind o' medicine and he'd cuss me cause the druggist charged so much. He wuz jist cussin mad all last fall and winter and spent about $40 trying to git well. I spect he was madder cause he lost so much time mor'n he was about the money.

One day pap was a readin' a noospaper and he seed where Calderwoods roomatism cure never failed and right away he says "Mother" [that's what he called Mam] "I'm going to git well, so I am. You send $5 right away to G. W. Calderwood, 116 Turk street, San Francisco, and tell him to send me some medicine quick as he can." Mam she sent the money and in a few days the medicine cum and there was printed directions on it which sed take a table spoonful evry 2 hours. Pap took sum right away and in 3 days he was walkink around and in a week he was out doors and in 2 weeks he was as well as ever and now he's all the time whistellin the mockin' bird and the Swannee river. He don't cuss any more and last Sunday he went to church and the preacher just give it to the people that swored, and when he stopt preeching Pap went up to him and give him a dollar and sed "Them's the kind o' sermons I like to heer." I think my pap's a going to be one of the bestest men in 1895 that ever wuz. That's what I think cause I'm a thinker.

Rheumatism is easily cured by Calderwood's new cure. Branch office 563 Eleventh street, Oakland. $1 per bottle, 6 for $5. Consultation free.

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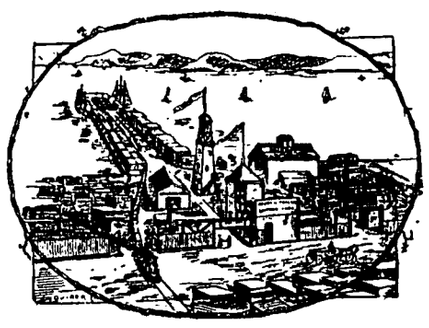
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PRESCIENCE.

The new moon hung in the sky,
  The sun was low in the west,
And my betrothed and I
  In the churchyard paused to rest.
Happy maid and lover,
  Dreaming the old dream over.
The light winds wandered by,
  And robins chirped from the nest.

And, lo, in the meadow sweet
  Was the grave of a little child,
With a crumbling stone at the feet
  And the ivy running wild,
Tangled ivy and clover
  Folding it over and over.
Close to my sweetheart's feet
  Was the little mound up piled.

Stricken with nameless fears
  She shrank and clung to me,
And her eyes were filled with tears
  For a sorrow I did not see.
Lightly the winds were blowing,
  Softly her tears were flowing,
Tears for the unknown year
  And a sorrow that was to be.

—T. B. Aldrich.

A FRESH PROFESSOR.

I was an undergraduate and he was a don of Exham college, Oxford. We both bore the same name — Unwin-Jones. Why Dame Fate should have gifted two such antitheses with similar names, why she should have brought us to one and the same college is inscrutable. I do not upbraid. I thank her from the bottom of my heart. I forget the frayed shirts, "dickeys" and antediluvian collars of Don Jones that the laundress fathered on me. I do not regret my wines, but not the bills therefor, that went to his cellar instead of to my humble cupboard. I forgive the torn envelopes in ladies' hands marked "not for Professor Jones" —everything, and why?

It was a sunny afternoon in the merry month of May as I returned at 5 o'clock, in flannels and a blazer, from an hour's fagging at the cricket nets, and tripped up the stairs of my "digs," that overlooked the dear old college gardens, whistling "Oh, Phyllis Mine!" I burst open the door, and — "Are visions about?" came the lightning thought, as I saw, seated in the armchair by my window, gazing out on the glories of the horse chestnuts opposite, one of the—no! the (vide "subsequent events")—most charming little girls I have ever seen! By the side of the armchair was a lecture note book, and what I knew only too well to be Herr Crammer's "Latin Prose." She rose, bowed deferentially, and somewhat nervously began: "Oh, Professor Jones, I am so sorry I am late! Mr. Boothby of Gamaliel said he hadn't time to look over my prose, and asked me to bring it to you at 4:45, and said, as you sometimes took his work, you would correct it for me."

I saw it all, or rather I saw nothing but her—slim, petite, with stray strands of nut brown hair peeping from beneath a dainty straw hat trimmed with marguerites. The porter had directed her to my rooms instead of to those of the professor (I gave him a sovereign at the end of term). One more to the long list of mistaken identities, but worth them all. Should I undeceive her? And I thought of the dryasdust Jones. He was the sea monster, I was Perseus, and she was—Andromeda. "A thousand times no," said my heart. I shall be a professor for 30 minutes! With all of him I could muster, and re-enforced by my gold rimmed pince nez—

"Ah!—er—let me see, what—or—is your name?"

"Ethel Mayner," said Ethel-red, for the rosy hue had mounted to her cheek, as it did to Virgil's Venus, "I'm—I'm one of Mr. Boothby's 'extension' pupils."

"Of course," I said and looked professorially at a card I picked up, "here's your name."

It was a card of the XL's summer term fixtures. Inwardly I vowed it would be more "extension" than "lecture." But did she think I was a professor? Could she not see my chin, innocent of a razor—the galaxy of London actresses on my mantelpiece, the hunting sketches, my bat on the table, the siphons cheek by jowl with McTavish's "best?" Did professors play banjos and whistle "Oh, Phyllis Mine," as they bounded up to unravel the mysteries of "Oratio Obliqua" with fair pupils? I stifled surmise and lived only in the present and the sunshine of—Ethel. She resumed her seat, and I rang the bell. Up came the landlady.

"Bring up tea for two, Mrs. Grabbs," I said, "and send out for the best cake Boffins have in the show—I—er—mean the premises."

"Oh, professor," she interposed, "please don't trouble about tea for me."

"Madam," I rejoined, "we cannot discuss the position of Cæsar in winter quarters or that plebeian bricklayer Balbus without some light refreshment. Come, let us commence. Bring your chair up to the table." (Oh, how brutal of me! And I would have carried it miles for her dear sake, but I was a professor.) And she drew her chair so close to mine that I could almost—"Page 21," I grunted, with a beating heart, for I knew that the sentences were plain sailing till about page 30.

"Oh, no," she said, "I'm at page 210!"

My heart sank, at least such of it as was not in my mouth. How could a twice plowed fresher essay the snares and pitfalls of page 210?

"The passage begins," she continued, "'The rotation of crops' and ends at 'rustic simplicity.'"

It was hopeless. She, Ethel-well-read, was an "Honors" candidate, and I, the unread-y, nothing but a manufacturer of "howlers" and classical faux pas.

"Er—er, ah—let me see, er"—

I gasped, and her deep brown eyes, with a look of incipient perplexity, met mine. Her hands were toying with the handle of my bat. Would it had been me!

"I used the word rotatio," she said. "I hope it's not too doggy?"

"Oh, no," I sighed, "it's an excellent word—used by Bohn, I believe!"

How could any word she used be wrong? I thought only of the miserable Don Jones from whom I had saved her. Then Mrs. Grabbs came in with the tea and cake.

"Ethel, a—er—Miss Mayner, I beg your pardon! Do let me pour you out a cup of tea!"

The emphasis was more undergraduatey than professorial, the work of impulse rather than discretion, but prudence was out when beauty was in.

"Oh, thank you," she smiled. "You are a dear good old man!" (I had just turned 18. I good? A hypocrite in a fool's paradise!) "But we don't seem to be getting on very quickly?" she queried. (Oh, when were prose and poetry so closely allied?) "Crops, are they feminine or masculine?" she asked.

"Ahem—er—it depends on the kind, you know!" I replied.

"Seges, is that the correct word?" And I, smitten by love and forgetful of my Latin dictionary, told her it meant a soldier!

She sipped her tea and tried to suppress a laugh. It was the "soldier" that did it, and midst her emotion a little red rosebud fell from her breast on to Herr Crammer's "Latin Prose."

"You funny man!" she rippled. It would have been cruelty from any one else in the world, but from Ethel it was sweetness and joy. I drew my chair closer to hers. My left hand strayed toward that cricket bat. A magnetic thrill was generating. I looked and thought only of her dream face, her eyes, where the merry twinkle at the "soldier" cropper was just dying away, and I was about to—when a knock came at the door, then Mrs. Grabbs, and her words fell on my ears like molten lead:

"If you please, sir, the porter says as Professor Jones says, as the young lady what 'e was expecting at 5 o'clock 'asn't arrove, he wants you at once with 'Steps For Beginners.'"

* * * * * *

I burst from the room, fled like a hunted slave over to the common room and fell into an armchair. My brain was in a mad whirl, love and ignominy striving with deception and remorse. Ethel! Love! She knew all — that I was a "Steps For Beginners" man—Ethel, who was at page 210, and "the rotation of crops!"

When I went back to my rooms at 6:30, dazed and wracked with love, the rosebud was still on Crammer's "Prose," as it fell, and a note—a note in a dainty little hand—Ethel's!

Your tea and cake were excellent. How I wish I could say the same of your prose! I left the bud for you, if you care for it, and I stole your "list of pupils"—cricket fixtures. We may never meet again, professor. Yours,
ETHEL.

But we did, and Mrs. Unwin-Jones always laughs at "Steps For Beginners" when she dusts it.—Sketch.

A New Typewriter.

Patent rights have just been granted to a young inventor in St. Paul for improvements on the typewriting machine which will greatly increase its speed. The improvements consist of the introduction of the stenographic principle, making the machine capable of printing whole words at single strokes of the keys. Many of the small words and word endings which are most frequently used are represented in the new machine by separate keys of their own, and by a clever device the spacing is made to correspond automatically with the length of the words thus set apart. Another time saving device is the two space lever, which enables the operator to form the space between the words with the same stroke which makes the last letter of a word. An automatic spacer, used to print tables of figures and similar work, is also added to perfect the equipment of the new typewriter. The inventor claims that the speed to be attained by the use of these devices is much greater than has yet been secured. Next he proposes to introduce electricity as the motive power in the manipulation of all the mechanical parts, leaving it necessary for the operator only to press lightly on the keys to print whole words with great rapidity.—New York Post.

A Snake the Negro Fears.

Mr. Powe, in speaking of snakes, said that the "coachwhip snake" was the terror of the negroes. There was an old superstition among them that the coachwhip would whip a man to death and then put the tip of its tail into the nostrils of the victim to see if he was dead. An old negro man went out to catch the horses of the party, which were turned into pasture, while they were out fishing and hunting, and on the way began to think about snakes. The old man had a bridle on his arm, and by some means one of the long leather reins had got loose and was dragging behind him. His imagination had worked him up so that the sweat was standing out on his black skin. He chanced to look back and catch a glimpse of the rein. He let a blood curdling yell and ran. He looked back and on came the rein, which he took for a coachwhip snake after him to beat him to death. The negro actually ran until he fell exhausted, and then fearing the superstitious act of having the tip of the snake's tail run up his nose he clapped his hands over his face and prepared for the whipping.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Geneva's Water Fireworks.

The municipality of Geneva has recently built a new reservoir on the Bessinges heights at an elevation of about 440 feet above the level of the lake. This reservoir is filled by motor power obtained from an artificial fall of the waters at the Rhone, where it leaves the lake. At the entrance of the harbor a waterspout is provided, which is turned on only Sunday and several evenings during the week. The spout is the biggest in Europe, rising to nearly 800 feet in the air. In clear weather it can be seen from afar and appears like a sail oscillating in the wind. On summer evenings other beautiful effects are shown, with several smaller fountains electrically illuminated in various colors. These water fireworks, as they style this entertainment, have become great favorites, and the natives and tourists are greatly admiring the innovation.—Philadelphia Press.

PAIN.

Thou drear companion of the slow night hours,
  Thou sharpener of the soul, long, long had I
  Waged weary combat with thee, though my cry
  Of anguish only cheered thy mocking powers,
As through the years we strove, no respite ours,
  Till, lo, one day each breathed victorious sigh,
  The master, thou, of my mortality,
  But master who beneath my spirit cowers,
Its slave forever. Now fast friends are we,
  My vanquished victor, pain, and much I owe
  To thy stern fellowship. Through thee I see
  With quickened sense all things both high and low,
For knowing all that I can never be,
  Tutored by thee, all wider life I know.

—Elizabeth West in Century.

A BOAT RACE STORY.

Jack Davenant was the stroke of the Cambridge university eight. He was a man greatly to be envied. Wealthy—his father was a large mine owner in the north — popular, good looking and thought to be one of the best strokes turned out from either university for some time. Last, but not least, he was engaged to be married at Easter to Ruth Meynell, as bonny a lass as need be, with whom he had been in love for some years.

It was the afternoon before the great event when the following telegram reached him:

Meet me, King's Cross, 5:30. DAVENANT.

Jack was delighted, for it had been a great disappointment to him when his father had told him that business of importance would prevent his witnessing the race. When the train glided slowly into the station, you may be sure that a cordial greeting was exchanged between father and son. But Jack was startled to see how greatly altered his father's appearance was from what it had been three months before.

"Well, how do you think I'm looking, dad?" he exclaimed presently, when they were seated in a private sitting room in the Great Northern hotel. "We are all of us in good form, I believe, and shall make the Oxford lot do all they know, I'm certain. There's only one thing I can't make out. Have you noticed how strongly the betting goes on Oxford? It was '4 to 1 on' in this evening's paper. If it were not absurd, I should think that there was some plot on to damage our boat or something, only that's impossible. But anyhow I can't help feeling anxious. Those 'bookies' are generally right in their odds on this race, and there is nothing in our respective form and times to warrant the long odds. Do you know, I feel that I must win this race. I'd willingly give five years of my life to be certain of it!"

Here Jack saw his father turn ghastly pale. He darted out of the room and was back again in a minute with some brandy, which he made his father swallow, and waited with intense eagerness to hear what was the matter, anxiously requesting to be allowed to send for a doctor at once.

"No," said his father, "that is no good. I have already consulted one about these heart seizures, which are common enough just now. My doctor says that any intense excitement might carry me off like the crack of a gun. Those were his words. But that doesn't matter, Jack," he added. "Brace yourself for a great shock, one which will try even your strong nerves. Jack, my poor boy, your words went through me like a knife just now. Mine is a dreadful errand up here to see you today. Jack, I have come to tell you that we are utterly ruined. Fool—villain that I am, I have, urged with the desire to leave you vast wealth, speculated largely and lost."

At first Jack thought that his father had taken leave of his senses. The shock was tremendous, but varsity strokes are the material of which the leaders of forlorn hopes are made. His strict training and strong nerves soon came to his aid, and he tried to cheer up his father by the usual commonplaces of hoping that it wasn't so bad as his father dreaded it to be. And then the thought of the great event in which he was to take such a prominent part on the morrow rushed across his mind, and he couldn't help saying:

"But if you love me, as you say you do, how could you bring me such ghastly news at such a time as this, when the fact of my knowing it one day sooner or later could make no earthly difference to our circumstances? It was wickedly cruel not to keep the news till after the race."

"Stop, Jack," his father replied. "You mustn't blame me unjustly. You have sufficient reason to blame, yes, hate, me without that. Listen! I told you I loved you, and I do. It was for you that I have acted as I have done. As I just said, I am a doomed man. At the outside, I am only given one year to live. And time being so short, and my affairs so shaky, what was I to do? Draw closer to me, closer, Jack! A whisper heard would be fatal."

Jack bent down his head, and his face became as white as his father's. And this is what he heard:

"Jack, I have put every halfpenny I possess, and more—£50,000—on Oxford for tomorrow's race."

For a moment Jack looked at his father. He was fairly staggered. Then, without a word, he took up his hat and left the hotel, haunted by his father's pale, entreating face, and made his way to the training quarters.

The day of the race broke bright and fair, and London turned out her thousands of holiday makers, as only London can. The race was finely contested throughout, and it was only in the last quarter of a mile that the light blue flag forged slowly ahead, and after the most exciting struggle ever witnessed—if we except the memorable dead heat—Cambridge won.

Ruth Meynell, who was staying with some friends in town to witness the race, had no doubt been one of the most interested and excited of the spectators. At the point where she had seen the crews pass, Oxford happened to be leading. So her delight was proportionately great when the news of the light blue victory reached her.

Surely a girl was never so happily situated! Loving and beloved, and her sweetheart—who had promised to spend the evening with her friends—the hero (for the moment) of the whole civilized world.

We left Jack on his way to the hotel where the Cantabs were staying. It is impossible to describe his feelings, the shock had been so great. He had loved and reverenced his father so much, and always thought of him as the soul of honor.

And now there was only one course open for him, either to do or die, though to help to win the race was to help his own utter ruin. And then Ruth? What of her? Oh, he mustn't even think of that. The race and winning—it must be his only aim and object. Small wonder, then, that it was remarked at the start that Davenant looked "off color."

We have seen, however, that he had literally pulled the race out of the fire. Strong man though he was, the severe mental and physical strain told on him, and he had to be lifted out of the boat at the finish. But he was strong as iron and quickly recovered. How he wished he might not! For what had he to live for now? The shouts and cheers seemed bitter mockery. He recalled his father's whisper and saw again the imploring look. Jack knew that he was a beggar.

Making his recent indisposition an excuse for not dining with the crews that night, and refusing the many kind offers of companionship, he drove to the Great Northern hotel, where the fame of the victory had preceded him, and made inquiries as to his father's movements. His father had ordered dinner at 7 and was going northward with the mail that night. Jack decided to wait for him, and having had light refreshment sat down to smoke and reflect on the events of the last two days.

Presently the waiter brought him an evening paper, and on running his eye over the news he saw a paragraph headed, "Death From Excitement at the Boat Race.—News just to hand that at the conclusion of the race, the finish of which was extremely exciting, an elderly gentleman in full sight of the finish was seen to stagger and fall. Medical attendance was speedily obtained, but life was pronounced to be extinct. The remains were removed to the mortuary awaiting the inquest. From letters and papers on the deceased it is feared that he was G. Davenant, Esq., father of that brilliant oarsman who today stroked the Light Blues in such a gallant manner. Our readers will join with us in expressing the hope that this may prove to be a mistake."

Jack never knew how he got through the next few days. He did all that was necessary in a perfectly mechanical manner. He had his father's remains buried in the family vault. Also he wrote to Ruth, telling her that "he could never marry her, though it almost broke his heart to say so." And then, as might be expected, the overtaxed brain and body gave way, and Jack Davenant lay in his father's stately mansion sick unto death at the very time that Ruth Meynell—not knowing of his serious illness and scorning to wear her heart on her sleeve — had arranged to tour with friends abroad.

And so these two young lives, which but a few days before seemed so full of life and hope, were blighted as it seemed at their very outset.

In due time Jack pulled through. And then, for the first time for many a sad day, the light of hope shone upon him, and he understood what before had been inexplicable—namely, that instead of being the pauper he feared he was, he was really immensely rich.

His father had certainly lost money in the troublous times of strikes, but not sufficient to impair his princely fortune. Business worry, telling upon an enfeebled frame, coupled perhaps with natural excitement about the race in which his son was to take such a leading part, had brought about that dreadful hallucination from which he had suffered, for, in fact, he had not bet one farthing on the event.

The most learned scientists cannot undertake to explain the subtle working of the mind diseased. But it was suggested that since those interested in the result of the "varsity boat race" are often guided in their hopes by the state of the betting it might be inferred that Jack's father had been too intently watching the odds.—London Tit-Bits.

The Riddle of the Cid.

A mediæval condottier in the service of the Moslem, when he was fighting to fill his own coffers with perfect impartiality against Moor or Christian, banished as a traitor by his Castilian sovereign, and constantly leading the forces of the infidel against Aragon, against Catalonia, and even against Castile, he has become the national hero of Spain.

Warring against the Moslem of Valencia, whom he pitilessly despoiled with the aid of the Moslem of Saragossa, whose cause he cynically betrayed, while he yet owned a nominal allegiance to Alfonso of Castile, whose territories he was pitilessly ravaging, retaining conquered Valencia for his personal and private advantage, in despite of Moslem and Christian kings, he has become the type of Christian loyalty and Christian chivalry in Europe. Avaricious, faithless, cruel and bold, a true soldier of fortune, the Cid still maintains a reputation which is one of the enigmas of history.—"History of Spain," U. R. Burke.

Taxing Titles.

The republic of France does not propose to allow people to hang on to old titles without paying for the privilege. It proposes to tax all such titles, and the schedule as made up is as follows: Prince, 1,000 francs; duke, 800 francs; marquis, 700 francs; viscount, 500 francs; baron, 400 francs; double prefix, 200 francs; single prefix, 100 francs. It would be a still greater improvement if France should abolish all titles. They are out of place under a republican form of government.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

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NOTICE.

Parties so desiring can always call up the GAZETTE by telephone. Telephone No. 33, six bells, West Berkeley. The office in East Berkeley will for the time being be located in the same office with the Western Union Telegraph Company.

If you are in need of Potatoes, Hay, Grain, Wood or Coal, don't fail to go to C. Demetrak & &o., Commission Merchants and wholesale dealers in the above articles. Shattuck avenue, near University avenue. Telephone, No. 43; P. O. Box, 115.

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OFFICE OF THE
Assessor of Alameda County.

Poll Tax Notice.

OAKLAND, March 4, 1895.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the State Poll Tax of Two Dollars for the year 1895 is now due and payable at my office, Room 1, Court House, or to a deputy assessor.

SEC. 3839 of the Political Code reads as follows:

Every mail inhabitant of the State, over twenty-one and under 60 years of age, except paupers, insane persons and Indians, not taxed, must annually pay a poll tax of two dollars, provided the same be paid between the first Monday in March and the first Monday in July, then it shall be three dollars.

SEC. 3846 of the Political Code makes it the duty of the Assessor to "demand Poll Tax of every person liable therefor, and on the neglect or refusal of such persons to pay, he must collect by seizure and sale of any personal property owned by such person."

Under sections 429 to 434 every person who refuses to give his own name or the name of any person in his employ, or who in any manner obstructs the Assessor or any of his deputies in the collection of the State Poll Tax, is guilty of a misdemeanor, and liable to a fine of $500 or imprisonment in the County Jail, or both such fine and imprisonment.

Only those persons under twenty-one of over sixty years of age are exempt. Poll Tax must be paid on demand.

Henry P. Dalton,
Assessor of Alameda County.

OFFICE OF THE
Assessor of Alameda County.

NOTICE TO TAX PAYERS.

OAKLAND, March 4, 1885

ALL PERSONS, firms, company, corporations and associattons are required to deliver at the Assessor's office, at the Court House, City of Oakland, County of Alameda, immediately, a statement under oath of all property, both real and personal, owned, or claimed by him, her or them, or in their possession or held in trust for others, at 12 o'clock meridian on the FIRST MONDAY IN MARCH, 1895, in accordance with the constitution.

Refusal or neglect to make a sworn statement of all the property owned or held in trust, will subject the person so refusing or neglecting to make such sworn statements to the full penalty of the law—one hundred dollars fine and guilty of a misdemeanor.

All persons owning real estate that has heretofore been assessed in the wrong name on the real estate assessment book, or who have purchased real estate within the last year, are requested to appear with their deeds, at the Assessor's office, and have the proper changes made for the year 1895. Immediate attention is necessary, as work on the book has already been commenced.

Proper blanks may be obtained at the Assessor's office.

Henry P. Dalton,
Assessor of Alameda County.

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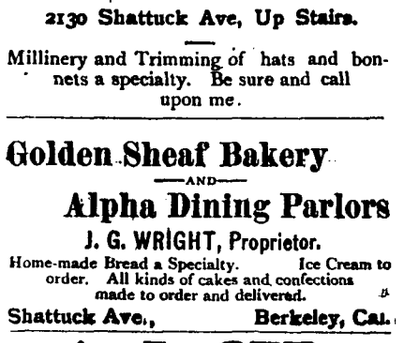

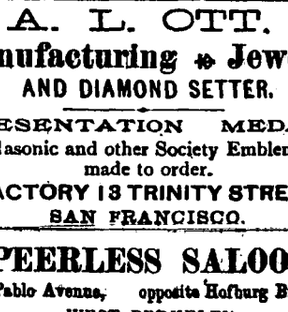

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2118 SHATTUCK Ave Berkeley.
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What Makes a Good News Reporter.

One of the best reporters I ever knew was a man who could not spell four words correctly to save his life, and his verb did not always agree with the subject in person and number, but he always got the fact so exactly, and he saw the picturesque, the interesting and important aspect of it so vividly that it was worth another man's while, who possessed the knowledge of grammar and spelling, to go over the report and write it out. Now, that was a man who had genius. He had a talent the most indubitable, and he got handsomely paid, in spite of his lack of grammar, because, after his work had been done over by a scholar, it was really beautiful.

But any man who is sincere and earnest, and not always thinking about himself, can learn to be a good reporter. He can learn to ascertain the truth. He can acquire the habit of seeing. When he looks at a fire, what is the most important thing about that fire? Here, let us say, are five houses burning. Which is the greatest? Whose store is that which is burning, and who has met with the greatest loss? Has any individual perished in the conflagration? Are there any very interesting circumstances about the fire? How did it occur? Was it like Chicago, where a cow kicked over a spirit lamp and burned up the city? All these things the reporter has to judge about. He is the eye of the paper, and he is there to see which is the vital fact in the story and to produce it, tell it, write it out.—Charles A. Dana in McClure's Magazine.

Professor Loomis' Good Shot.

The Hon. F. D. Allen possesses a unique souvenir of his college days at Yale of which he is justly proud, and which he treasures very carefully. It is only a plain bit of cardboard with a hole in the center, but it has a history, for it is a memorial of the expert marksmanship of Professor Loomis, the famous mathematician.

One day in the classroom Professor Loomis, in illustrating the principle of the air gun, shot at the card as a target across the room. The old gentleman was a bit proud of his skill and the boys knew it. Were he ever to miss his aim, they would be extremely delighted, and on this occasion they thought they had caught him at last, for the second time he shot at the card it was apparent that no other hole had been made in it. The class had of course assumed that the card had not been hit and laughed mirthfully at the professor. But the latter quietly picked up the little target and called attention to the fact that the original perforation was now enlarged, the second missile having struck the edge of the hole first made.

There was never any doubt after that about Professor Loomis being a crack shot, and Frank Allen esteemed himself lucky in securing the card. That was over 30 years ago, and he has the card yet.—Boston Record.

"Bonnie Doon" was by Burns. The Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena made the droll mistake of saying that the English had but one melody worth listening to, and that was "Bonnie Doon."

The murderers of Frank G. Lenz of Pittsburg, Pa., in Turkey have been caught. Lenz was making a tour of the world on a bicycle.

Leave your orders for the Berkeley Steam Laundry at Kelsey's Drug Store.

Only about 37 pounds of flesh and bone have been found to represent the bodies of the nine Chinamen who were blown up on Tuesday last at Pinole.

The attention of our readers is called to the program of the entertainment to be given by the Hermann Sons for the benefit of the family of the late Phillip Johnson. It can be found on the fourth page.

Moses Unda is thinking of opening bicycle headquarters on San Pablo avenue, where he will have wheels for sale and to rent. He will also have a repair shop where wheels of all kinds will be repaired.

The schooner America, Captain Smith in command, arrived at the ferry wharf this morning with a cargo of hay consigned to Renas & Ramos, corner of Eighth and Addison streets. They commenced to discharge the vessel this afternoon.

The Poor Man's Friend. A first class sewing machine complete, four drawers, solid oak or walnut for $25. Sold by agents for $65. Call and see them at Fourteenth and Broadway, Oakland. Girard Piano Company. x

Notice.

Whereas my wife, Mary Swenson, has left my bed and board without my consent, I hereby give public notice that I will not be responsible for any debts she may contract from and after this date, May 9. 1895.

A. SWENSON.

FOUND—A pair of glasses on Shattuck avenue, which the owner can have by proving property and paying for this notice. Apply at Stricker's cigar store: x

LOST—A gold earring in Berkeley. Finder please leave same at 2120, Fifth street.

Subscribe for the GAZETTE.

French Restaurant
MRS. E. BERAUN & CO.
Corner Fifth and University Avenue,
WEST BERKELEY.
Having changed proprietors are now prepared to furnish the public with the best the market affords and all the delicacies.

Rutledge's Drug Store,
Cor. Fifth St., and University Ave.
WEST BERKELEY, CAL.

CHEAP CASH STORE
J. SPENGER,
—DEALER IN—
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS
And all kinds of Grain, Meal and Feed at Mill Prices.
Fourth St, Bet University Ave. and Bristol St. West Berkeley.

Fair View Hotel,
FOOT OF BRISTOL ST.,
WEST BERKELEY.
5 MEALS FOR MEALS FOR MEALS FOR $1.
And Satisfaction in Every Respect.

MISS K. TEAGUE
STATIONERY
Notions, Dry and Fancy Goods.
SCHOOL SUPPLIES.
P. Office Block, West Berkeley

H. T. BRYANT, Agent
—FOR—
R. W. BAKER,
—DEALER IN—
Groceries, Hay, Grain and Coal.
ORDERS CALLED FOR.
Corner Ellis Street and Alcatraz Avenue,
LORIN, CAL.

OAKLAND
French Bakery
BIDACHE & JUNQUA, Props.
Bakers of the Best Quality of French Bread
Delivered Fresh every day in th year in Oakland, Temescal, Berkeley Alameda and San Leandro.
820 Frankin St. cor. 6th. Oakland.

B. C. WATROUS
CASH GROCER
Cor. Adeline & Fairview Sts.,
Wagon calls for orders and delivers same daily

CASH GROCERY STORE.
DANIEL DUGGAN, Proprietor.
Corner Third and Rose Sts, Berkeley.
—DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF—
Fresh & Choice Groceries
A First-class Bar in Connection with the store.

NOTICE.

Dissolution of Partnership.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the Co-partnership hereto existing between Edward Brennen and Hugh McDonald, is hereby and this day dissolved by mutual consent. All debts owing debts to said co-partnership to be paid to Edward Brennen, who will continue the business of the firm to-wit: The Grocery Business, near the northeast corner of University and San Pablo avenues. That all debts owing by said firm will be paid by Edward Brennen.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our names and seals, this 19th day of April, 1895.

ED. BRENNEN.
HUGH McDONALD.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 19th day of April 1895.

GEORGE SCHMIDT,
Notary Public in and for Alameda County, ate of California, ap 19 1 m

NOTICE.

Dissolution of Partnership.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given the partnership heretfore existing tween R. L. Agers and John J. K. Kough under the firm name and style of R. L. Ag & Co., near the corner of Dwight way Telegraph avenue, in the Town of Berke Alameda County, California, is this day solved by mutual consent.

All bills payable and receiveable will be attended to at the former place of business of said firm.

Dated Berkeley, April 1, 1895.

Fonzo's Cafe
—AND—
OYSTER HOUSE
EVERYTHING COOKED TO ORDER.
FURNISHED ROOMS
By the Day, Week or Month at reasonable rates.
Fred. Fonzo, - - Prop.
2067-2069-2071 Center St.,
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA.
Opposite Waterburry's Livery Stable.

The American Saloon
FRANK GIMBEL, Prop.
French Wines, Liquors and Cigars
COR. 6TH ST. & UNIVERSITY AVE
WEST BERKELEY, CAL.
Agent for Schwarz's Weis Bier.

MRS. M. FROMM,
—BRANCH OF—
DWIGHT WAY BAKERY
All kinds of confectionery always fresh at Reasonable Prices. Patronage Solicited.

J. J. RAMOS. J. T. RENAS.
Ramos & Renas,
—DEALERS IN—
Coal, Wood, Hay, Grain and Feed.
EIGHTH & ADDISON STS.
Families Supplied at Lowest Prices. Honest weight guaranteed. Sell Coal at Oakland Prices. Hay wholesale and Retail. Have big supply of hay, grain and coal on hand. Schooner loads for sale.

QUONG LEE,
LAUNDRY
812 UNIVERSITY AVE.
Bet. Fourth and Fifth St. West Berkeley.

HENRY R. PATTERSON. AUGUST VOLLMER.
Patterson & Vollmer
DEALERS IN
HAY, GRAIN, WOOD & COAL
COR. VINE ST. & SHATTUCK AVE,
BERKELEY
Orders Promptly Attended To.

J. J. DUNN
CONTRACTOR
Streets Graded and Macadamized
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE
VINE STREET, COR. SPRING,
NORTH BERKELEY, CAL

Alameda Water Co.
OFFICE—HANN BLOCK,
NEAR BERKELEY STATION.
BERKELEY, CAL

Golden Gate Supply Co.
L. A. CAVALLIER, Prop.
SHATTUCK AVE. AND CEDAR STREET
—DEALER IN CHOICE—
Wheat, Oats, Hay and Feed.
COAL of all kinds.
Solicits a Share of the Public Patronage. Orders Promptly Attended To.

FRENCH ✧ LIQUOR ✧ STORE
H. DAJAS.
—Dealer in fine imported and Domestic—
Wines, Liquors and Cigars,
Family supplies a specialty.
Bancroft Way and Sixth St., West Berkeley
—Goods delivered free.—

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OAKLAND PAVING
—COMPANY.
OFFERS its experience of 25 years, and the satisfactory character of the streets it has constructed in Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda as its best reference to parties desiring street work on public or private contract. Office at
906 BROADWAY,
Rooms 36, 37, 38, Oakland, Cal.

PREMIUM MARKET.
AND SALT
FRESH MEATS
F ESMOND, PROP.
Dwight Way, Opposite Station, Berkeley.

DR. BENNETT-NASH,
Lancaster Block; Rooms 13 and 14
Office hours from 10 to 12 and 2 to 4. Free clinic to the poor every Thursday from 10 to 12.

Good Wine Means Good Health for You and your Family
Call and Inspect
THE BIG WINE VAULTS
of MOHNS & KALTENBACH.
29 MARKET ST. SAN FRANCISCO, NEAR OAKLAND FERRY.
Pure California wines and brandies. Family Trade a specialty.
Goods delivered free of expressage.

C. HENDRICKSON P. SALEGREN C. F. SALOMONSON
Lowell Diamond Wheelery
RENTING. RIDING TAUGHT
399 12th St.,
COR. FRANKLIN, OAKLAND
C. F. SALOMONSON & CO.
First-Class Repairing All Work Guaranteed

GRAND BENEFIT
—GIVEN BY THE—
DRAMATIC SECTION
—OF THE—
SONS OF HERMANN
AT UNITY HALL, EAST BERKELEY,
Friday Evening, May 24th 1895.
—FOR THE BENEFIT OF—
the wife and eight children of the late Phil Johnson.
TICKETS 25 CTS.
The Performance will conclude with a dance.

PROGRAM.
Historical Drama from the time of Frederick the Great.
"Lenore" the Death's Bride.
MRS. J. M. KLEES AS "LENORE"

ACT I.—Remarkable Scenes.

SCENE 1—The conversation of the old faithful Sargent Wallheim and Count von Starano, SCENE 2.—The Count compels his son to go to war at the point of his pistol, after proposing to fight a duel with him in case of his refusal. SCENE 3—Farewell of the farmers who are going to fight for their country, and farewell of the old Sargent and Wilhelm, son of the old Count. CHANGE OF SCENERY—Meeting of Lenore and Pastor Gunter. Pastor Burger engages his daughter to him against her will. Wilhelm Starano and Lenora's secret engagement and farewell.

ACT II—SCENE 1.—(During the War) Conversation between the old Sargent and butler. The Duchess spinning her net of love around Wilhelm, the young Count. The spy jumping over the wall and taken by surprise. SCENE 2—The Duchess promising her love to Wilhelm and proposes that he betray his country. SCENE 3—The old Sargents warning and Wilhelm dictating a letter to his bride Lenore. SCENE 4 Overhearing Aurora's scheme to betray Wilhelm and his regiment. The Battle. The raving Duchess. The dying Count. The faithful Sargent and his comrades. The Duchess at the side of the dying Count in her agony and sorrow.

ACT III—(The Jubilee of Peace) Lenore driven insane by her father compelling her to marry Pastor Gunter. Imagining seeing her Death Lover. The marriage bells. SCENE 2—Lenore leaving the house in her bridal dress. The mother's agony. CHANGE OF SCENE—Lenore in the graveyard hunting for the missing bride. Vision of Wilheim on horseback with his Death Bride in his arms.

—CASTE.—

LENORE, The Duchess, Aurora	MRS. J. M. KLEES
Count Starano	Mr. Chas. Grosser
His son Wilhelm	Mr. Chas. Loeb
Sargent Wallheim	Mr. J. Klees
Pastor Burger	Mr. J. Pflug
Mrs. Burger, Lenore's mother	Mrs. Chas. Boncofsky
Pastor Gunter, Spy	Mr. Chas. Boncofsky
Burgomaster, Farmer, Schoolmaster	Mr. J. Lund
Valet, Butler	Mr. Baumann
Gravedigger, Farmer	Mr. Louderbach
Farmers	Mr. Pening, Mr. Pash

Soldiers, Farmers, Etc.

The costumes of Lenore and the Duchess are furnished free by Goldstein & Cohn, 26 O'Farrel St., S. F.

THE
Berkeley Gazette
LARGEST CIRCULATION
BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM
IN THE COUNTY.
Delivered by Carrier for 25c. per Month.

HE RIDICULED SOCIETY.

Effect of a Famous Parlor Entertainer's Satires Upon England's "Upper Ten."

Almost romantically sad were the deaths of, first, Mr. Alfred German Reed, then Corney Grain, then Mrs. German Reed, who, with her husband, started the famous entertainment so long ago, and who so long before our fathers were born was known as "the lovely and accomplished Priscilla Horton."

Only a few weeks before he died I met Mr. Corney Grain at a dinner, the entertainment being given only on alternate nights. He was complaining laughingly of overwork when his brother (a barrister, as Mr. Corney Grain used to be), said across the table: "You oughtn't to complain, my dear fellow. Work evidently doesn't hurt you. You look as though you wouldn't know how to die." I had a little talk with him after dinner. He told me that he nearly always composed everything for himself, and many of the things which had made the greatest "hits" had first been thought out during railway journeys. "I got in the habit of thinking that what I wrote when I was traveling would turn out well and used to think it lucky to work then."

"Which do you prefer," I asked him, "giving your songs and piano illustrations before an audience at the theater or during somebody's 'evening' at a 'smart' private house?"

"Oh, if there is anything I dread and hate in the world, it is singing and trying to entertain a lot of 'smart' people in a drawing room. Charles Mathews once said that the stalls represented a sort of icy river separating an actor from his real audience. Now, 'smart' people, though individually they may be all that is warm hearted, intelligent and delightful, collectively they are ice—nothing but ice. They are too self conscious in each other's society to display the faintest hint of enthusiasm, and so by their deadly impassivity they dull the poor entertainer's magnetism. He has no 'vital spark' to give out after the first half hour or so. And the 'smart' people haven't got their money's worth!"

Although Corney Grain called himself a "poor entertainer," he was in reality of good family and welcomed everywhere in the best houses, not as an entertainer, for what he could do, but for what he was, and in his private capacity. Strangers who knew nothing of his family could hardly be induced to believe that Corney Grain was not a nom de theatre, but was in reality his own given name. So it was, however, for he had been christened "Corney" from the maiden name of his paternal grandmother, who, I believe, brought some money to the exchequer of the Grains.

"If you dislike singing in drawing rooms," I. said, "at least you have taken revenge over and over again upon society in your illustrations."

"Yes; I chaff it a little in its strongholds," he laughed, "but it doesn't matter to the people I'm satirizing to their faces—I wouldn't do it only behind their backs, you know. There I sit, banging the piano and saying the rudest things I know how by way of amusing or offending them. But they are talking away at the time, asking each other who's married and who's dead and telling each other all about the latest scandal. They don't know what I've been saying or singing, not a bit of it, though when I've done they all smile and applaud and remark that really I am very clever."

"Not only, though, do you chaff Mayfair," I said, "but I've heard you at St. George's hall scoffing at middle class affectations and Puritanism and all sorts of things."

"Well, I dislike humbug in all forms," he replied, "and perhaps the best way of showing it up is to make people laugh at it. At any rate, that is the only way I can make a step toward reform, and I fear, after all, I am but a sham cynic, and my friends have found me out."—Boston Transcript.

True Sympathy.

The railway world witnesses daily so many piteous partings that weeping travelers seldom attract official notice, but Mr. G. A. Sala records an exceptional instance. It was at the time of our civil war, and he was about departing for America, as correspondent of a great London daily.

"My wife was bitterly opposed to my going to America at all, and the idea of my traveling in a country convulsed by war so preyed upon her mind that she became positively ill. Still she insisted on coming to the railway terminus with me, and a party of friends were on the platform to give us a parting cheer.

"It was a desperate moment. I had parted from all that was dear to me, and had flung myself in a very limp and boneless manner in a corner of the carriage of the mail. I glared feebly at the burly, bearded guard who thrust his head into the window. He leaned toward me, and in a voice hoarse with sympathy whispered:

"'Excuse me, sir, but you have another three-quarters of a minute before the train starts, and you can get out and give the lady another hug.'"

Fate of the Twelve Disciples.

Andrew was probably crucified at Patræ, in Achaia; Bartholomew, said to have been flayed alive and crucified, with head down, in Armenia; James, brother of John, Herod killed him with his sword; James, son of Alpheus, thrown from the temple and stoned to death; John, time of death a conjecture; Judas, said to have hanged himself in a very bungling manner; Jude, said to have died naturally and also claimed to have been martyred; Matthew, claimed as a martyr, but probably died a natural death; Peter, crucified at Rome; Philip, said to have been tortured to death in Greece; Simon (Canaanite), crucified in Judæa in the reign of Domitian; Thomas, probably put to death with a lance in Persia or India.—New York Dispatch.